John, of Badenyon;

OR, A

Man in ſearch of a Friend.

To which are added,

Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN.

The young MAID'S PRAISE of her SOLDIER.

Kitty and the Sailor.

Entered according to Order

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 AUG 46

JOHN OF BADENYON.

1.

WHEN firſt I came to man's eſtate,
of twenty years or ſo,
I thought myſelf a handſome youth,
and fain the world would know,
In beſt attire I ſtept abroad,
with ſpirit briſk and gay,
And here, and there, and every where,
was like a morn in May.

I had no care nor fear of want,
but rambled up and down:
And for a beau I might have paſs'd,
in country or in town:
I ſtill was pleas'd where'er I went,
and when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myſelf,
with John of Badenyon.

2.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
a miſtreſs I muſt find,
For love they ſay, gives one an air,
and e'en improves the mind:
On Phillis fair above the reſt,
kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty ſtruck my heart,
and I became her prize.

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd, and ſung, and ſigh'd, and ſwore

But when I came to breath my flame,
I found her cold as ſtone,
I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe,
to John of Badenyon.

3.

When love had thus my heart betray'd,
with fooliſh hopes and vain,
To friendſhip's port I ſteer'd my courſe,
and laugh'd at lovers pain.
A friend I got by luckey chance,
'twas ſomething like divine,
An honeſt friend's a precious gift,
and ſuch a gift was mine.

And now whatever might betide,
a happy man was I;
In any ſtrait I knew to whom,
I freely might apply:
A ſtrait ſoon came; I try'd my friend,
he heard and ſpurn'd my moan,
I turn'd away, and pleas'd myſelf,
with John of Badenyon.

4.

I thought I would be wiſer next,
and would a patriot turn;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
and cry up Parſon Horn,
Their manly courage I admir'd,
approv'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
maintain'd the publick weal.

But e'er a month or two was paſt'd,
I found myſelf betray'd,
'Twas Self and party after all,
for all the ſtir they made.

For when I saw the factious knaves,
insult the very throne,
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe,
to John of Badenyon.

5.

What to do next, I muz'd a while,
still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
and gravely try'd to read:
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
and studied night and day,
Ne'er mist what Dean or Doctor wrote,
that happ'ned in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd,
the ornament of youth,
And carefully through many a page,
I hunted after truth;
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
and yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe,
to John of Badenyon.

6.

And now ye youngsters every where,
who want to make a show,
Take heed in time nor vainly hope,
for happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
is but an empty name:
For girls, and friends, and books also,
you'll find them all the same.

Then be advis'd and warning take,
from such a man as me:
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
nor one of high degree:

You'll find great pleasure every where,
then do as I have done:
Ev'n tune your pipe, and please yourself,
with John of Badenyon.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THere were three Knights came from the North,
and strove for victory,
And they did make a solemn vow,
that Barleycorn should die.

They plow'd him down with plow-irons,
put plow-clots on his head,
And then they made a solemn vow,
that Barleycorn was dead.

As he lay sleeping in the ground,
rain from the sky did fall,
Then Sir John Barleycorn rose up,
and sore amaz'd them all.

There he did ly till Mid-summer,
till he turn'd pale and wan;
Then Sir John had gotten a beard,
and so became a man.

They hired men with scythes so sharp,
to cut him by the knee,
And thus they us'd Sir Barleycorn,
treating him bitterly.

They hired men with pitchforks strong,
to prick him to the heart,
And like a thief for felony,
they bound him to a cart.

They threw men with crabsticks strong,
to thresh his skin and bones;
But the miller us'd him ten times worse,
he ground him 'tween two stones.

Put wine into a glass, Sir,
put claret into a can,
Put Barleycorn into a nut brown bowl,
he becomes a noble man.

The young MAID'S praise of her SOLDIER.

LAte on an ev'ning as I was walking,
I pleasant shady groves drew near,
There I heard a loving mother,
talking to her daughter dear:

Daughter, I would have you marry,
if it be your true lover's will,
No mother dear, I'd rather tarry,
for my loving Soldier still.

Soldiers they're oblig'd to wander,
unto foreign parts you know,
Where they may get store of money
and, perhaps their fatal blow;

Many a dismal story and letter,
they will send you from abroad,
O my dear daughter take my counsel,
take to the flail, lay by the sword.

Mother dear, could you fancy a farmer,
give to me my heart's delight,
Yonder he stands with his glitering armour,
shining like the gold so bright.

They are the men ſure of their money,
let them travel where they will:
Mother dear it's folly to be talking,
I will adore my Soldier ſtill.

Yonder he ſtands with's glitering armour,
keeping his way who dare come on,
Would you compare a gentleman ſoldier,
to your country ill-bred clown?

Sow'r cream, kail and butter-milk,
was ne'er made for ſoldiers drink,
With them I would freely wander,
the world all round about.

Now ſhe is marry'd to a ſoldier,
and abroad with him did go,
Travelling into foreign countries,
dreſt in ſilk from top to toe.

Now ſhe's return'd, lives at her pleaſure,
thouſands of pounds to ſpend at will,
My pretty girls take my counſel,
reſign your charms to a ſoldier ſtill.

KITTY AND THE SAILOR.

COME hither all you pretty women,
A ſtory to you I will unfold,
It's of a woman crop't in her glory,
All for the ſake of curſed gold.

Seven long years I courted this maiden,
Hoping at length that ſhe'd be my own,
But ſhe proved cruel to her lover,
The truth to you I will ſoon make known.

A chain of gold I did preſent her,
Round her neck ſhe might wear in view,
She cried, begone you tarry Sailor,
I'll get far better men than you.

Then I went to her good old Mother,
Hoping ſhe would ſtand my friend,
But ſhe proved cruel more than her Daughter,
And for an Officer did ſend.

Likewiſe ſhe did ſend for my Captain,
And ſwore I'd do her daughter wrong;
Then ſtraight I was ſent into priſon,
On bread and water ſeven weeks long.

Her father died and he did leave her,
Houſes and Lands were all her own;
Beſides five hundred pounds in money,
The truth to you I will ſoon make known.

And ſoon they married rouling Kitty,
To the greateſt bully in the town,
He did not love her but diſregarded her,
And ſoon he pull'd her proud ſpirits down.

But with ſubmiſſion let me tell you,
I met her in the ſtreet one day,
Poor girl ſhe being in a low condition,
And I myſelf in a thriving way.

She wrung her hands and cried moſt bitter,
Saying alas! hard was my fate,
For once I had that man's heart in keeping,
But now I am moſt unfortunate.

So all ye young women by me take warning,
And never throw yourſelves away,
For many a dark and cloudy morning,
Turns a bright ſun-ſhiney day.

FINIS.